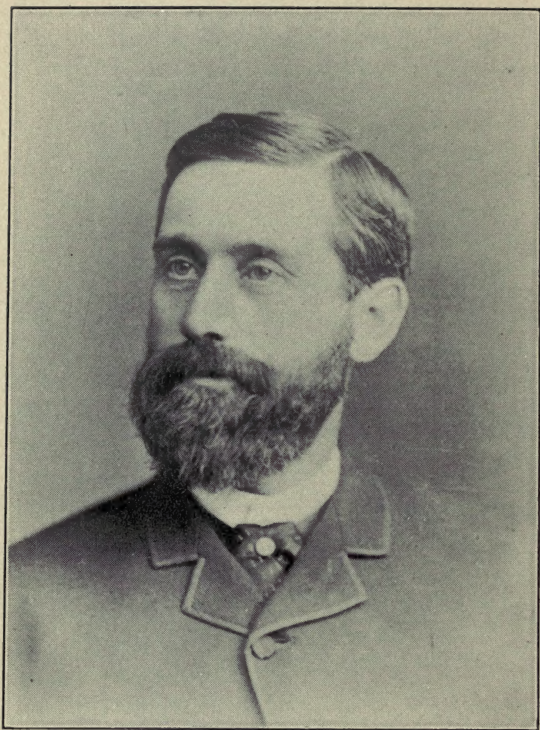


Club Poems of
PORTLAND
Ballads of Country
Life

JAMES H. HALL

Wm. S. Allen, Printer

Francis L. Littlefield.



JAMES H. HALL.

1768c



LUB POEMS, BALLADS *and*

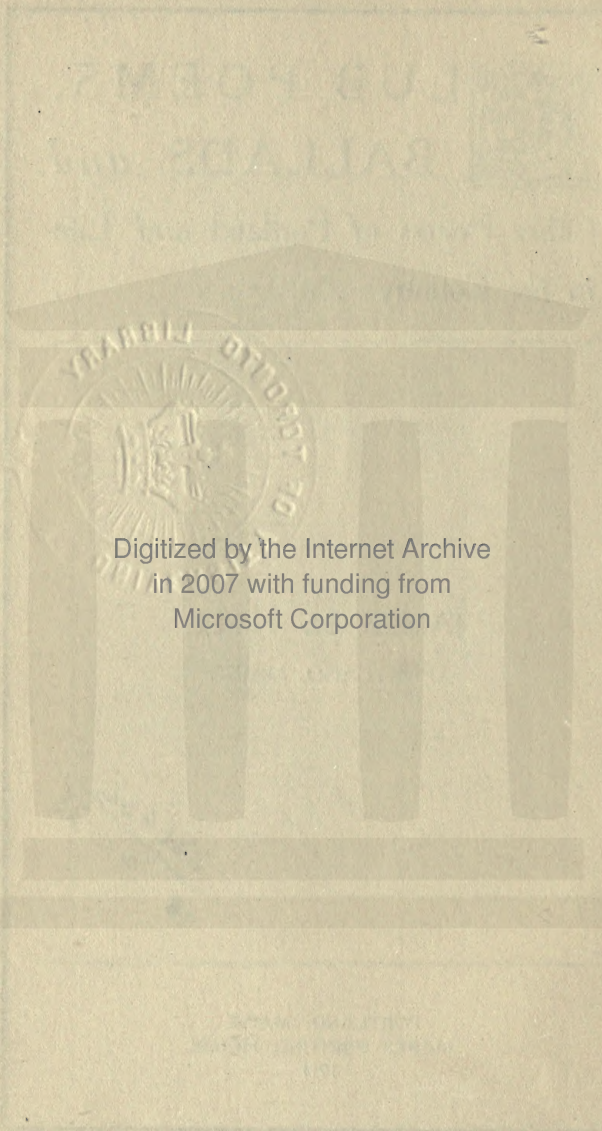
Other Poems *of* Portland *and* Life
in the Country

JAMES H. HALL

PORTLAND, MAINE

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PORTLAND, MAINE
MARKS PRINTING HOUSE
1911



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P R E F A C E .

This book of poems has been written as a pastime while resting in the country, and published at the request of many friends who have heard the verses read aloud and wished a copy as a souvenir of the many outings together. The writer hopes it may cheer some aching heart and comfort some poor, discouraged soul. Should the rhymes but give to the readers a small part of the pleasure he has enjoyed in writing the verses its success is assured.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES H. HALL.

November 15, 1911.

TO

MY KIND READERS,

known and unknown, who have asked me to publish these verses, they are offered in grateful recognition of their friendship for many years.

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COME TO PORTLAND.

Portland in her beauty is calling again and again,
Inviting her guests to the playground of Maine.
To the tourist and loved ones she gives all a call,
And wants you to come, for there is room for all.

All Nature is calling in the cool winds from the West,
Come to Portland, dear Tourist, this haven of rest.
Our hotels are all open and have rooms to spare;
The Board of Trade invites you and you will have
their care.

The street car service is the finest you have ever seen.
Our steamers are waiting to carry you to the islands
green.

Our summer resorts are all in order and charming to
view,

Everyone is happy, we are only waiting for you.

Here you have no thoughts of trouble or burdens to
bear.

You can sit all day and breathe the sweet, pure air.
In the cool summer breezes you will all agree
There is no place like Portland, the City by the Sea.

Our hearts send this greeting, so kind and so true,
For we all love Portland, and are waiting for you.
And your friends are calling you again and again,
Come to Portland, and spend your vacations in Maine.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Read at the Annual Banquet of the Lincoln Club, Feb. 14, 1911.

Friends and admirers of Lincoln, on his birthday,
A tribute of honor and gratitude should pay
For the troubles and trials of those four long years,
He never lost his courage, he had no fears.
His name will always be found on the roll of fame
And for his deeds of kindness will always claim
That this love for his country, and thrill of emotion,
Brings tears to our eyes for his patriotic devotion.

We believe it's our duty, and you will all say,
That we should honor his name on his birthday.
A day that brought forth a man of so much worth,
And we should all bless the day of Lincoln's birth.
Our thoughts now turn back, and reveal to our gaze,
The kindly deeds of Lincoln in those warlike days,
That tested his soul and brought out his power—
When danger confronted him, he arose to the hour.

We follow him through Baltimore, to Washington
that night,
His friends were all anxious and looking for a fight.
But his courage that night showed no alarm,
While his friends were eager to shield him from harm.
New scenes now before him, as the White House came
in view,
The streets were full of soldiers, waiting for review.
How well those soldiers in war bore their part,
And through all their hardships never lost heart.

They never doubted Lincoln, in word or deed,
For his cause was just, and in the end would succeed.
The South's proud hosts against the North were
arrayed,

Yet this brave leader stood firm and undismayed.
With such courage and faith in his honest soul,
Our soldiers marched steadily on to the distant goal.
The long siege of Richmond now seems to rise,
As time's curtain is lifted, it reveals to our eyes.

We again hear the noise of battle, and movements on
land,

Of Grant and Sheridan, as they give orders of
command.

When the surrender of Richmond was made by the foe,
Many a brave soldier's heart was in a fever of glow.
And in the excitement, they cheered long and loud
For President Lincoln, of whom they were proud.
With this great victory, and triumphant scene
Lincoln was calm and his face serene.

He was born in adversity, and never expected power,
But how charming his manner in this happy hour.

For peace would now come, after long years of strife,
With the states once more united, and full of life.

The great Lincoln had come to the rescue, although of
lowly birth,

He now took rank with the greatest men on earth,
A man you could not flatter and gold could not buy,
A statesman that was honest, and never would lie.

His statesmanship and kindness we now all see,
 For it was his proclamation that made the slaves free.
 His policy was, in all things to be fair and just,
 And for this great end, in God he did trust.
 No graft or scandal ever dishonored his name
 Or caused his cheek to blush, or burn with shame.
 Then long may this Union, in plenty and peace expand,
 For justice and freedom was the work of his hand.



THE LADY OF EIGHTY-THREE.

I once knew a dear old lady, her age was eighty-three,
 And the love her daughters had for her was beautiful
 to see.

They often sat together in the shade of the great elm
 tree,
 And watched the golden sunset, with this lady of
 eighty-three.

Her face was often smiling, and she would laugh in
 glee,

When talking with her friends under the old elm tree.
 Her hair was white as snow and looked charming
 to me;

And you would never know this lady was eighty-three.

HAPPINESS AND CONTENT.

We often see a friend that is trying to be good,
While others are selfish, and not doing as they should.
If you are cheerful and happy, your friends will love
you still,

And there's no trouble doing this, if you only say you
will.

It's best to be kind and gentle, although you're feeling
blue,

If you are smiling and happy, the world will smile with
you.

So try and look pleasant, no matter if you are down,
Friends will love you when you smile, but never when
you frown.

There is nothing I have ever found in this world of
guile,

That costs so little, and does so much, as a pleasant
smile.

The smile that comes from the heart, and shows on
the face,

Will drive away the cares that sometimes come to
our race.

It always makes us happy, and never gets out of style,
And when we are tired, nothing cheers us like a happy
smile.

Your heart should ever be filled with gladness,
happiness and content,

So keep on smiling, friends, for this was our dear
Lord's intent.

OUTING AT POOLER'S CAMP.

One charming day, the first of June, when Spring was
fairly over,

We started for Pooler's Camp through the woods and
fields of clover.

The birds were flying among the trees and were so
sweetly singing ;

The mother-bird was feeding her young, they to the
nests were clinging.

The wild birds seemed so happy, their singing was so
charming,

As we rode through woods and fields where men were
farming.

Their voices seemed to say : "Come on, we will all go
together

To Col. Pooler's Camp at Sebago, now it is summer
weather."

The hardy farmer, with honest face, comes hurrying
from his labor.

As he walks along the road, chatting with his kind
neighbor,

Now and then they look at the sky, walking along
together.

They have their crops all in, it soon will be haying
weather.

The fish are waiting to be caught, the noisy loon is
 screaming,
 And all along the road we hear the busy farmer
 teaming.
 We watch the campers on the beach, as we ride along
 together,
 The air is now soft and warm and good camping
 weather.

This camp at Sebago is a spot we all hold so dear,
 And it always gives us pleasure to have an outing here.
 We love to sit on the piazza, which is so high and dry,
 And watch the ripples on the lake and the ever-chang-
 ing sky.

I've never known another spot where birds sing so
 sweet a warning
 As they do at Pooler's Camp, on a bright, summer
 morning ;
 And who ever dined on better fare around the table
 together
 Than this jolly party at this camp in all kinds of
 weather.

Then hurrah for the Poolers, and the camp as it stands,
 The grandest spot on earth, and they welcome us with
 both hands.
 It warms our hearts for action, and makes us bold,
 And helps us through life's troubles, be we young or
 old.

SERMONS OF TO-DAY.

Many sermons nowadays are on the evil of the times,
The parson talks of trusts, politicians and their crimes.
He says the tariff is wrong, the Corporation's full of
tricks,

And about the men that make the laws he always kicks.
He scores Women's Clubs, and tells what they should
wear,

He talks on foreign missions until you want to swear.
He says it costs too much to live, but begs all he can,
For heathen and foreign missions to send to Japan.

You can hear him make this talk from day to day,
When he starts to speak, you know just what he'll say.
No wonder the people don't go to church, but in their
auto ride,

They get tired of this talk, for they all have their pride.
He talks everything but religion, so many things are
wrong,

But forgets that old-fashioned preaching, once so good
and strong.

The people would like to hear an old time sermon once
in a while,

But good old gospel preaching has now gone out of
style.



NEW CITY HALL.

The old City Hall we so many years did admire,
Was one cold night in winter destroyed by fire.
And from those old walls many fond memories rise,
And reveal to us the past, and how quickly time flies.

On the old lot a new City Hall quickly did arise,
A grand piece of architecture we all dearly prize.
On that delightful spot, there it day by day grew,
Into a thing of beauty, in this place of public view.

Till the last block was lifted, to the cap on the dome,
There it stood in all its beauty from our own Maine
stone.

No one ever thought of graft, and the word went up
and down,

That the credit was due the Mayor, and citizens of
the town.



TO MY WIFE.

Dear wife, you are the truest friend I have on earth,
And many years my home has been happy by your
worth.

Sometimes I feel I'm growing old, my friends around
me twine,

And on my head a crown of silvery locks now shine.

Dear wife, with reverence I speak the dearest name I
know;

For you are always true, though others may forget me
here below.

Forgive me if I have caused the tears from your eyes
to flow,

And with your trembling lips you will bless me, I
know.

Now dear wife, my thoughts turn back and to my
memory clings,

The happy days we have lived together and no regret
it brings.

I have tried to make you happy, I hope I've not done
wrong,

And with all my faults I have loved you well and long.
Life's battle to us has been pleasant, and happiness has
been won,

And our home has been made brighter by the deeds
you have done.

Now with a cheerful, loving heart, I still cling to your
love,

And have faith in God he will make a home for us
above.

THE OLD FARM IN MAINE.

Back to the old farm in Maine, there where I love to
go ;

Back to that house where we were happy, and fresh
vegetables grow ;

Back to that charming river that springs from the
mountains,

Always kept full by brooks and streams from the
fountains.

Oh, how I love and shall always remember that beau-
tiful lawn

In front of the old farmhouse where I was born !

Each year I am waiting for the time when I can go
back again

To meet the friends I love at this dear old farm in
Maine.

I watch the blue sky here and there, with clouds so
light and gray,

The old farmhouse on the lawn where we have often
been so gay.

The maple leaves were turning brown, the elms were
golden yellow,

And in the orchard near the house hung apples, red
and mellow.

Here I watch the song birds in their upward flight.

My heart is filled with rapture and delight.

I feel the thrill of new life as I go down the lane,

And how sweet the joy to know I am home again.

Thoughts of that quiet and restful place rush through
 my brain,
 My mind turns back to the dear ones at this farm in
 Maine.
 To that charming spot my heart is ever turning again
 and again.
 I hear my friends calling, "Come back to that old
 farm in Maine."



HAPPY LIFE.

She thinks all is happiness in this world, for she is
 young.
 We love to hear the thoughts that fall from her
 tongue.
 She has grace and beauty, and she often thanks the
 donor.
 May her life be one of cheerfulness and filled with
 honor.

With joy and gladness in her heart we always find her,
 And happy in the love of friends that surround her.
 Until her life is closed may she never shed a tear,
 And when the angels call to crown her may she have
 no fear.

IF ALL WERE CHRISTIANS.

If all this world were Christians, and all were living
true,

The troubles we now have on earth would only be a
few.

Were cruel words unspoken, and every one was kind,
A better world than this would be hard to find.

If people were always ready to meet a brother's need,
Our burdens on this earth would be lighter and less
greed.

If those who are always finding fault would only
laugh or smile,

There would be more love and happiness, and less
guile.

If we followed our Lord's teachings as Jesus taught on
earth,

There would be no tears or anguish, but a place of joy
and mirth.

Then each would do his duty, and this old world would
seem

A heavenly home of love and beauty, a dream within
a dream.



DO YOU KNOW THIS COUPLE?

She thinks she loves her husband, but I doubt it,
 For many things he does, she makes a fuss about it.
 She sometimes gets out of patience, and a cross word
 uses,

She says she loves him, yet he is the one she abuses.

Sometimes when unhappy, the tears from his eyes will
 start,

When something she has said has cut him to the heart.
 Her pleasure always comes first, his comfort matters
 not,

He is her husband and must be contented with his lot.

If she really loves him, they should not be so far apart,
 But they should love each other with all their heart.

She says she would not wrong him, yet I'd like to
 know

If she really loves him, what makes her treat him so.



LOVE OF PRAISE.

Every one loves praise and sometimes gain it by art,
 They love the praise of friends that comes from the
 heart.

The modest man loves it and is glad to make it sure,
 But most people gain it by hard work they endure.

MY OLD HOME.

My heart turns back to those days and early scenes,
When I lived at home and was in my teens.
And I remember that village that was so dear to me ;
In those days of my boyhood I was young and free.
And I remember that charming river that over the dam
 did flow,
And how often I sailed on its waters so many years
 ago.
Flow on, old river, and go rushing on your winding
 ways,
While everything here reminds me of my boyhood
 days.

Once more I see that old white church where I used
 to go,
Where that good old parson preached, and died so
 many years ago,
Dear old village, with so many friends I left when
 here,
And now I fail to find the ones I loved so dear.



GROCERS' PICNIC.

Sung at their Annual Field Day.

AIR—"Marching Through Georgia."

Come bring your wives and daughters, we'll hie our-
selves away
From our stores and business, for this is our picnic
day.
To that charming sunny Island, where the sunbeams
play.
While we go sailing down the bay.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The Grocers greet us here;
Hurrah! Hurrah! Their welcome is sincere.
And we'll sing their praises again and again,
We are the Grocers from Portland, Maine.

Cushing opens wide his doors and is a kindly host.
There is no fairer spot on earth, this is his friendly
boast.
Then hurry up, good friends, and do not miss the
train.
We are going to Long Island, coolest spot in Maine.
We go by boat and trolley with hearts so light and gay.
We'll greet friends at the Island for this is Grocers'
day.
There we'll have our picnic and plan to come again.
There's no place like Cushing's in the State of Maine.

We will march with joyous music full four hundred
strong.

And forget all cares to-day for we're a happy throng.

We will sing the Grocers' praises again and again.

So hurry up, friends, and don't miss the train.

CHORUS.



PINE GROVE FARM.

Good bye, Pine Grove Farm. We've all been so fond,
And many happy hours we spent with friends near
Panther Pond;

And on the shady lawn we've often sat together
And enjoyed the beauties of this farm in all kinds of
weather.

Farewell! Our chairs will now be vacant, others will
fill our place,

And we leave you all with a dear and loving grace.
Our friendship for you will remain wherever we may
roam.

May you all have faith in God He will lead you
home.

GLORIOUS OLD FLAG.

Read at Campfire of Bosworth Post.

Our glorious old flag, may it always be free
 And triumphantly float over the land and sea,
 May its stars and stripes long wave in the sky,
 For it was for this flag our brave soldiers did die.
 This flag now floats over the south and southern seas,
 And once more waves among the palm and orange
 trees,
 And is respected and loved by our soldiers and tars,
 It is an emblem of freedom, with its stripes and stars.

Our flag by Grand Army men is always hailed with
 delight,
 And for this emblem they were always ready to fight,
 For our soldiers and sailors were all brave and true
 But many are not living that once wore the blue.
 Many of these brave veterans to-day are left with scars,
 For so gloriously defending these stripes and stars
 There is no place in this great country where man ever
 trod,
 That this flag does not stand for liberty independence,
 and God.

While you are reading your papers and telling your
 story,
 And talking of the battle fields, in all of their glory,
 We remember that you were the men, so loyal and
 brave,
 That went to the front, that our flag might wave.

You followed this flag, and fought for your homes you
loved so well,

While your comrades were falling around you, how
many none could tell.

You followed the flag, when the air was full of shot
and shell,

How well you remember, that fighting like this was
nothing but hell.

How well we remember the hearts at home that were
broken,

While our soldiers and sailors were fighting for this
token,

And we remember the lives that were lost in four
years,

When we think of these hardships, we often shed tears.

We think of President Lincoln, who was so kind and
good

That he wanted to end the war as soon as he could.

And think of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan's twenty-
mile ride,

And of the brave soldiers on the battle field died.

How promptly you enlisted at the call for volunteers,

Was ready to fight for your country and had no fears.

To your country's call you answered with loud hussars,

Both our loyal and brave soldiers, and gallant tars.

Through the fields at Gettysburg, on to Richmond with
others,

The Americans, the Irish, the Germans, now all
brothers,

As they marched to the music of the cannon's awful
roar,

And with the patriotism that their fathers had before.

The South's proud army against the North was
arrayed,

Yet our brave soldiers stood firm and undismayed.

With this courage and faith in their honest soul

They marched steadily on to the distant goal.

These four long years of fighting now seem to rise,

As Time's curtain is lifted, it reveals to our eyes.

We again hear the noise of battle; and movements on
land,

Of Grant and Sheridan, as they give orders of
command.

How well you remember that bugle call to arms,

While you were marching South, to the land of Palms;

And how the loyal people shouted, amid their joyful
tears,

When again they saw the flag they had not seen for
years.

The Southern army was discouraged; they had often
made their boast

That Sherman's Yankee boys should never reach the
coast.

How the rebels fled before you, the fighting was in
vain;

For in our army were many soldiers from the State of
Maine.

On Decoration Day you have placed the sweetest
flowers ever seen,

On the graves of our soldiers, that they might be kept
green.

For this kindness we will remember, how the custom
grew,

And will spread flowers on the graves of the gray and
blue.

Then hurrah for Americans, sons and daughters, their
 arms are strong ;
 And with such kindness in their hearts they never can
 go wrong,
 And we all love this dear flag, and gaze on it with pride,
 The same old flag for which our fathers fought and
 died.

And if war should ever come again, on land or sea,
 You will find the sons of veterans will defend the flag
 that's free.

We still have with us many brave soldiers, so well
 known,
 And there would be other heroes, yet unknown,
 They will hold your homes so nobly won, and will
 defend,
 And to other nations will be a firm and steadfast
 friend.
 They will have a watchful eye on republics in other
 lands,
 And ever ready to protect when our country demands.

Slowly the days passed by, and sometimes sick with
 pain,
 Until the joyful news came, "You were ordered back to
 Maine."

And how the old church bells rang out with joy,
 As the fond mother welcomed home her soldier boy,
 And with the choicest flowers your kind friends display
 As they welcomed you home again that happy day.
 Children ran to meet you, your wife stood in the door,
 And they all laugh and shout, to think you are home
 once more.

Let your motto be, never to defy, but protect on land
and sea,

This was the hope our fathers had when they made us
free.

Now comrades stand together, and let your hearts be
steady,

And if your country calls again, your sons will be
ready.

Many now sleep in the South, where the cotton is
growing,

But how many rest there, we have no way of knowing.

Now the war is over, never to come again, no never ;

And the bonds of our union are stronger than ever.

And now may your camp fires burn with love and
devotion,

For your deeds of valor have reached from ocean to
ocean.

And may your homes be always happy and blest

For you have given your country the sons we love best.

Now comrades, keep up your courage, on life's battle
field to-day,

For your ranks are growing less, and will sometime
pass away.

Sing again your old war songs, of the true and brave,

God bless you all, for what you have suffered our
country to save.

THE MAN THAT WINS.

The world likes the man that wins,
The man that works with a will.
He's busy all through the heat of the day,
And never stops at the foot of the hill.
We are glad to take him by the hand,
Or a closer embrace, if we could;
And clasp him to our breast,
For he's the man that's making good.

He never stops when he knows he is right;
And for the under man he has always stood,
And you'll find him on top in the fight,
For he is the man that's making good.
Now here's to the man that toils right on,
Though sometimes he is not understood.
I make my bow to him right now,
The man who is making good.



GRANDMOTHER'S BED.

Years ago, when I was young, I can remember the
charm

It was for me to make a visit to my Grandfather's
farm;

And the fun I had in sliding and skating on the pond,
And the happy hours I spent with the horses I was so
fond.

I often sat by the open fire and watched the cheerful
blaze.

That was one of the pleasantest memories I have of
those happy days.

But there was one thing about these visits that I used
to dread,

When my Grandmother said to me, "It is time to go to
bed."

The room was like an ice house, and it makes me shiver
yet,

With its yellow painted floor and funny old chamber
set.

An old mahogany bureau in the corner, and everything
in its place,

Four large windows, with paper curtains, for they had
no lace.

A picture of General Washington and Lafayette hung
on the wall.

The bed was made of feathers, the posts were large
and tall.

No fire was ever in that room, or a word about it said,
When Grandmother bade me good night and sent me
off to bed.

How the wind came down the chimney and in at the door.

The snow came through the windows and blew across the floor.

I stood shivering in this room, getting ready for the night,

With nothing but a tallow candle that gave a feeble light.

I blew the candle out and fell upon my bended knees,
And called upon the good Lord not to let me freeze.

I remained in this position and prayed until almost froze,

Then I jumped into the bed and covered my head with clothes.

The dreams I had that night in bed will never pass away,

And I shall never forget that cold room until I am old and gray.

There were other happy days, when the weather was warm and calm,

That I used to enjoy the visits to this dear old farm.

Those happy days are over, but the thoughts haunt me still.

When I think of that night I always feel a chill.

And ever after for that cold room I had a dread,

When I remember shivering in Grandmother's cold bed.

GOOD BYE, BERMUDA, GOOD BYE.

(Written on steamer "Prince Arthur", by request of the committee for the Naval Reserves' Glee Club.)

AIR—Dolly Grey.

Good bye, Bermuda! We must leave you,
 Though it breaks our hearts to go;
 Back in Maine we are needed,
 In the towns we left, you know.

Our friends at home are waiting for us;
 Our hearts are sad—do you wonder why?—
 When we leave this charming Island:
 Good-bye, Bermuda, good bye.

We're a jolly band of tourists,
 And will let this ever be our cry:
 "How can we ever leave you?
 Good bye, Bermuda, good bye."

The Meyers' receptions were so charming
 And we'll love them till we die.
 How can we ever thank them?
 Good bye, all, good bye.

How we'll miss you all in Portland,
 Thoughts of home will bring a sigh;
 Hark! the steamer's whistle blowing—
 Good bye, Bermuda, good bye.

FIDELITY.

You ask me to give back your promise,
And say that we must part,
But I cannot give back that sorrow
That lies deep in my heart.
I have loved you well and long,
And I have hoped in vain
That our lives would be linked together,
But now you've broken the chain.

I will now do as you say,
Although my bitter tears will pour ;
I give you back all you ask,
And your pledges now restore.
Still I feel bound by this old promise
Although my love has been in vain,
And now the words you have spoken
Give my heart a pain.

But no one will ever know,
For in my heart it will lie deep ;
And I shall often think and dream
Of you when I sleep.
And sometimes you may know how I feel,
About the love you do not claim,
And I shall live on in hopes
You will ask for it again.

And if in the years to come,
 As the past has often proved,
 When dear friends are unfaithful,
 I may see you again unmoved,
 Then perhaps you may want again,
 The heart you once passed by,
 Until then I will keep it
 But you shall not hear me sigh.



A HAPPY COUPLE.

It was an old-fashioned couple that sat by the fireside,
 And she from her corner looked on him with pride;
 For she thought of his kindness and knew his worth,
 And she thinks he is the best man on earth.
 He bows to her in reverence and grants every whim,
 While she thinks all the wisdom is held by him.
 And when he makes mistakes, as men do, you know,
 She does not say to him, "I told you so."

She is always happy, for he is good and kind,
 And a more contented couple you could not find.
 The years they have lived together do not seem long,
 For in their happiness they never think the other
 wrong.
 They sit around the hearthstone, they never have a
 flaw,
 'Tis a picture any artist would be glad to draw,
 And the love for their home every day grows,
 And their love for each other everyone knows.

OUR SUMMER BOARDERS.

Every day I watch that gray horse when he passes by
the door.

He brings the boarders from the depot and has for
years before.

They talk about the lovely mountains and the purest
air,

And ask so many questions I sometimes want to swear.

They sit on the piazza and use the chairs I like the
best ;

They use our lawn to play on and the hammock where
I rest ;

They ask me about the fishing, and when the trout will
bite,

Until I get so angry and wish they were out of sight.

I have to mow the lawn and keep it free from tramps,
And fix the swing and hammock and get their postage
stamps.

They keep me picking peas and beans until I get so sad,
And when the season is over I truly will be glad.

Now this is very funny when a man loses all his rights
About his house and has to work day and nights.

Once a man's house was his home, but it's not so
to-day,

But I like these boarders and will be sorry when they
go away.

A RAINBOW.

One day in summer I took a stroll in the afternoon.
The weather was now warm, for it was June.
I sat down to rest in a shady bower,
Everything was fresh and green from the shower,
I heard a bird singing while making her nest,
I saw the clouds breaking and clearing in the West.

I raised my head upwards to catch the cool breeze,
I felt the rain dropping from the limbs on the trees.
I looked up to the heavens, saw a rainbow unfold,
With its many beautiful colors of purple and gold.
It came up so quickly and reached down to the earth,
And I was delighted to be there at its birth.

How great was the circle, how beautiful the rings,
I thought of our Father and the way He does things.
When again my eyes were raised to the sky,
I saw the charm of its beauty had now passed by.
I thought of this rainbow that had so quickly unfurled,
And in its beauty had nearly encircled the world.



WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Dear friends, it was forty years ago to-day since that
knot was tied,

And you have lived together, one as husband, the other
as bride.

And on this your anniversary, we are glad to meet you
to-night

And your smiling faces show these years have been
happy in their flight.

We greet you here to-night with loving hearts, and can
all say,

How loyally you have stood together since your wed-
ding day.

These years have lightly touched upon your brows now
so fair,

And they show but few traces of this world's troubles
and care.

Forty years ago to-day you were joined in heart and
hand,

She as your wife to obey, you as her husband to
command.

And when these two words were spoken, strange as it
appears,

These words you have never used in all these happy
years.

Sometimes you say no, and she says yes, she is so
bright

And she often has her way, for you know she is right.
You have been a kind husband, since you have lived
together,

And a gentle loving wife she has been in all kinds of
weather.

Those happy years now seem to you like a pleasant
dream,

You feel to-night your youth has been renewed in all
its gleam

And may your hearts together in love and happiness
blend,

Till life's last milestone shall mark the end.



JOE'S BIRTHDAY.

Dear Joe, you have passed another milestone in your
life to-day,

And your record shows you have made many friends
on the way.

Your journey has been pleasant, many hearts have
been relieved,

And their homes made brighter by kindness they have
received.

Congratulations, dear old friend, on this your natal
day,

But I cannot find words my kind feelings to convey ;

And the good things I wish for you, I must confess,

Would take a more gifted pen than mine to express.

MY OLD HOME IN GORHAM.

Read at a Meeting of the Gorham Dames.

Dear Bill, do you remember, or was it so long ago,
When we lived in Gorham that you do not know
How we went skating on the river, our cheeks in a
glow,
And the happy times we used to have forty years ago?

And you must remember that old cotton mill
That stood on the dam at the foot of the hill.
It was here the boys and girls used to meet and slide,
And were so happy when they down the hill did glide.

I remember the old canal and how the boats did run,
The old horse on the tow path worked from sun to sun.
The Captain stood on deck and was a sight to see,
For with his mate and cook his crew were but three.

The boat was bound for Portland, loaded from deck to
keel,
The mate steered with the rudder, he was without a
wheel.
The Captain blew his horn when he the lock did see
So the tender would have it ready for the Mary Lee.

Do you remember the doctor's horses, the bay one and
the brown?

They were called the finest pair that traveled in the
town.

The doctor often drove those horses very quick,
For he used them round the town visiting the sick.

He had the largest business of any man you ever saw,
 And it was still increasing when he went to war.
 He was a jolly fellow, always bright and witty,
 And when the war was over he settled in the city.

And how we climbed Mount Hunger in our boyish
 glee.

It was there we had our tents and played, you and me.
 These were good old times, and I remember them still.
 But they will never come again to you and I, dear Bill.

Our heads are getting whiter with the passing years,
 And our faces show the record of our hopes and fears.
 But with all our cares and troubles, I must confess,
 We have had a happy life with many things to bless.

We have had years of prosperity since we left Little
 Falls

And came to Portland and lived within its walls.
 All these years we have worked for dollars that come
 slow,

And why we left that pretty village I do not know.

Sometimes I fall asleep and in my happy dreams
 I think I am again at Gorham, ah, how changed it
 seems.

I can see my old home, but it is not the same,
 A strange man lived there, I did not know his name.

I told him I had lived there when I was a lad,
 But now there were so many changes it made me sad.
 I could not find the flower garden, not even a bed,
 And every plant and rose bush was dead.

I looked for the cherry trees but they were not there.
 The apple and the plum trees did not show much care.
 When I asked about the water I could not keep back
 my tears,
 For he said they were using Sebago, and had been for
 years.

I wanted to see the boiling spring, once so clear.
 One drink from that spring was worth a visit here.
 He said it was not good, he had filled it up—only think
 That he should tell me this water was not good to
 drink.

I told him this spring was one of great renown,
 And when I lived there was called the best in town.
 And when I thought of this water, so clear and cool,
 I was angry and came near calling him a fool.

I asked for uncle Ai, he would know me well.
 But no one seemed to know him, and could not tell.
 The children called him uncle Ai, and they were right.
 He was their Sunday teacher and blessed them every
 night.

Sometimes he gave them a picnic on a summer day.
 He liked to see them happy, for it was his way.
 And on the teams they were always bright and jolly,
 For they rode in big wagons before they had the
 trolley.

I went across the river, the old hotel to see,
 But did not know the place and no one knew me.
 The house was old and everything out of repair,
 And it made me feel sad while I was there.

I went to see the Thomas orchard on William's Hill,
The place where the boys went for apples, near the
cider mill.

The mill was gone, the orchard, too, nothing left but
the hill.

Every thing was so changed you would not know the
place, Bill.

The old canal was gone, the path grassed over,
But the Presumpscot river was as beautiful as ever.
Mount Hunger did not seem so high, it must have
settled down,

Since you I were boys, Bill, and left the town.

They had a new park, they called it Woodland Stroll,
I took a walk through it, but did not know a soul.
They had the trolley cars and a new paper mill,
But the place did not seem like home to me, Bill.

I went to see the old schoolhouse in the square,
But did not find it for it was not there.
Near the old spot the new Robie schoolhouse stood.
I did not feel at home and do not think you would.

I sat down by the old place, but could not be reconciled.
It was here that Sally Dole taught school when I was
a child.

No pupils or neighbors could I find so I started up the
hill,
And left my old home, as you would have done, dear
Bill.

I now got on board the cars and for my home I started,
Thinking of the friends who from this town had
departed.

Some were dead and others gone away—I was in
despair

Not to find my old home the same as when I lived
there.

I now awoke and found I had been in a dream,
And things were not so bad as they did seem.

There had been many changes since I from the place
did go,

But the pretty village was the same as forty years ago.

Upon Gorham Corner we always looked with pride,
And to this pretty village we often took a ride.

There lived the Robies, Hardings, and the Ridlons, too.
I remember them all, and I think you do.

This is a dear old village as I know of anywhere.

There is none in the State can with it compare.

They have the trolley, Normal school, and are up to
date,

For the genial Robie has been Governor of the State.

These years that have gone by they now seem good.

And those happy days I would not change if I could.

Perchance there may be something I regret,

But my boyhood days at Gorham I never can forget.

And may you, dear Bill, while life shall last,

Live in peaceful remembrance of the past.

And may your life be happy, your friends applaud,

And be content to leave all else with God.

PORTLAND CLUB: GAMES.

Read at a Banquet of The Portland Club.

There are many kinds of Whist, and there is no better
game,

But the rules should be remembered as expressed by
the name.

There is one good rule that players should all know,
Not to keep the game waiting by playing too slow.

Some Whist players are very wise and can tell you off
hand

About many plays you do not know, for they are hard
to understand.

He can tell you all about Bridge Whist, and which
hand will win,

And you could sit and watch for hours when he is
playing with Jim.

Others come to the Club, for Whist they do not care a
straw,

But sit in the parlors and talk of business and the law.
They say to play at Whist or Dominoes it would be no
harm,

But they like to play Checkers as they once did on the
farm.

One Monday evening at the Club, in the usual way,
Joe got out the checkerboard and asked one of them to
play.

He thought he knew the game, for he had watched it a
bit,

But Joe started for his King row and caught him when
he lit.

Then everybody laughed and he had himself to blame,
For thinking he could beat Joe at the Checker game,
Nash sometimes tackles him, for he is high up in the
Checker law,

He likes the game and often wins or ends it in a draw.

I sometimes wonder as these men are playing on this
mimic battlefield,

Each guarding his King row, expecting the other to
yield,

They sit with calm and intent expressions watching
each other play,

Until, with shrewd decision, one crowns the King and
wins the day.

Sometimes the supper hour is approaching, with
promises of good cheer,

But the sound of the bell has no charm to call the
players here.

Until the game is finished there is an unwritten law,

They must play to a finish unless decided by a draw.

With their eyes fixed on the board while watching for
the play,

Their heads are full of wisdom they do not give away.

Now when these men for checkers forget their lunch
and wait,

You all know the playing of Nash and Joe must be
great.

My friend, John Hobbs, told me about Bridge Whist,
 all I ought to know,
 But the first time I played the game I thought it was
 a little slow,
 But he told me it was all right, and he knows an awful
 lot,
 And when the game was done I did not know whether
 I liked it or not.

I do not know how it happened, but I would like to
 know,
 For at first it seemed a little dull for an hour or so.
 I kept my eyes on the cards, for I wanted to learn to
 play,
 And I had the greatest treat I have for many a day.

I never would have thought that I should like to play
 Whist this way,
 But I have got right into the game and am there to
 stay.
 I can tell you that old fellow over there can give us all
 a call,
 And the way he plays the game it makes us all look
 small.

I never had so much fun since the days I went to
 school,
 As I had at the Portland Club in the room where they
 play pool.
 Leighton and Merrill were playing, each member sat
 in his chair,
 Merrill opened the game and won ten balls, and
 Leighton was in despair.

Now Leighton was getting nervous I could see by his
look,

And when he told us he would win the game, we
laughed till we shook.

It now looked bad for Leighton, but he has a lion
heart,

And when he broke the balls and made a run, it gave
us all a start.

Now friends, I invite you all when you have time to
stay,

To go up into the pool room and see Leighton and
Merrill play.



VACATION AT RAYMOND.

If your heart is full of trouble, and your mind full of
care,

Take a vacation in the country, and breath the sweet,
pure air.

If your burdens are too heavy, you had better go away,
Take the train for Raymond—there you will love to
stay.

Take a walk to the pond—here you can sit all day,
And watch the ever-changing sky until your troubles
pass away.

If you are not feeling well, and everything goes wrong,
Go to Pine Grove and hear the birds in their song.
There you will find joy that will drive away your
gloom.

In this charming spot of nature, you will always find
room.

Don't think about yourself, or mind what others say,
But sit in the grove until your troubles pass away.

Here all your cares and worries you will soon forget,
For the summer vacation is the best cure I've found
yet.

You had better go to Raymond, where you will seldom
find

A place with so many comforts and the people so nice
and kind.

Here you can sail on Panther Pond, and will want to
stay

And breathe the sweet, pure air until your troubles
pass away.

AN OLD SCHOOLMATE.

I am thinking of you to-day, Harry,
And how long ago we said good-bye.
It has been so many years since
We were boys together, you and I.
We were chums for many years,
You were always on the go,
And the happy times we had,
So many, many years ago.

I would like to talk with you again,
You were so bright and quick to learn ;
But sometimes I could not answer ;
When it was my turn.
To-day I'm thinking of you, Harry,
For your heart was always gay ;
And was as warm and bright
As the sunshine in the day.

How has it been with you, Harry
Since we are both grown men,
And now in my mind I see you,
With the same happy face as then.
You were often smiling, dear Harry,
With that little dimple in your chin.
You seldom had a sober face,
But was often on the grin.

I know you have prospered, Harry,
 For I often see your name,
 And read of your doings in the West,
 Where you have won much fame.
 Now as the old world jogs on,
 No matter where we are or where we go,
 We'll keep that kind feeling for each other
 That we had so many years ago.



DEDICATED TO MY WIFE'S NURSE.

How I love my nurse for her kindness and her winning
 way
 As she watches over me with such tender care night
 and day.
 Oh, how I love her helpful ministering hands and her
 willing feet,
 Making the hard places easy while nature makes my
 health complete.

How I love her for this kindness, always ready at my
 call,
 When suffering with pains and aches she strives to
 help them all.
 Her heart is always tender, with a sweet smile on her
 face,
 And the little cap on her head she wears with so much
 grace.

TO MY MOTHER.

In a little village in the country not far away,
There's a dear old house where I loved to stay.
My mother often sat by the window with a smiling
face,

She always seemed so happy that no trouble could I
trace.

It now seems since I left my home forever and a day,
Still I'm feeling young, but my hair is turning gray.
I dream I hear my mother calling, and it sounds so
plain,

Come back to your dear old home in Gorham, Maine.

I have a pleasant home, my friends are kind to me,
Still there is a yearning for that home once more to
see.

In that little village the winds are soft and mild,
And I often think how happy I was when a child.
My mother was so kind and patient with her little son,
Always ready for a frolic when her work was done.
I dream I hear her calling, I listen now in vain,
But I shall never hear that dear voice calling me again.



A PET CAT'S LAMENT.

My master's in the country, and my mistress, too.
 Mary, she's got married, I don't know what to do.
 Everybody's gone away, I don't know where to find
 them,
 And I am the poor cat that is left behind them.

I sleep on the piazza, and sometimes have no dinner ;
 The milkman comes every day, but I'm growing
 thinner.

The grocers go by, but there is no one to tell them
 About the lonesome cat that is left behind them.

The neighbors are kind to me, and feed me every meal,
 But I don't think my folks know how lonesome I feel.
 Oh, how I wish someone would write and remind them,
 Of their pet cat they have left behind them !

I run about the garden and play on the lawn,
 But I never was so unhappy since the day I was born.
 I've never had a vacation since I caught that little rat ;
 I hope they will soon come home to their lonesome cat.



THE MAN WHO WAITS.

The man who sits down and waits
 For friends to help him along
 Is not worth the time it takes
 To tell him he is wrong.
 There is a place for everyone
 That has a love for work,
 But none for the man
 That aways wants to shirk.

HALLEY'S GARDEN.

Dear friend, you told me of your garden ; a charming
spot, you said.

You in this garden worked yourself, and made each
flower bed.

It had a background of Sweet Peas, with Cannas all
in sight,

And how you smiled with pleasure when you told me
that night.

Since you told me about your garden, I have made one
the same,

With old-fashioned flowers, and many I could not
name.

How I love that dear old garden. I watch it day by
day,

And shall always remember it was you that taught the
way.

I have Hollyhocks and Cannas, Phlox, Poppies and
Columbine,

Old-fashioned Marigolds, Asters, Sweet William and
Running Vine,

Roses, Pinks, Forget-me-nots and Dahlias all in a line,
Apples, Cherries, Pears and Peaches, and they are all
mine.

Dear Friend Halley, you taught me a lesson never to
despair,

If I wanted lovely flowers, I must give them water and
care.

You spend much time in your garden, and would like
to more

But you are the genial salesman for that 7-20-4.

SUMMERING IN THE COUNTRY.

Summering in the country, we are smiling and happy
every day,
Watching the busy farmer while he makes the new-
mown hay.
And the perfume of its sweetness from the meadow
and the hills,
Where the babbling brook is running through the
valley and the rills.
And the sun so brightly shining, with no clouds in the
skies,
With all these beauties of nature, how quickly the time
flies.

Summering in the country, with gentle breezes
whispering messages of love,
While the Master of this universe is looking down
from above.
Here the birds are so happy, and their singing so
sweet,
That our thoughts turn upwards and thank God for
this treat.
Here we can worship God, and the poorest man can go
And be reminded of his goodness, while he is here
below.

Summering in the country, while through the fields
and woods we stray,
And our love for this life grows greater every day we
stay.

How strong and healthy we feel, when through the
 fields we go,
 And gather the wild flowers, whose beauty we all
 know.
 The fragrance of the pine woods, and the flowers in
 bloom,
 Give us joy and gladness as they shed their sweet
 perfume.

Our thoughts now turn homeward and we journey
 back to town,
 With renewed strength and vigor, our faces tanned
 and brown.
 Back to that busy city, where everyone works for gain,
 With out hearts filled with gladness for our vacation
 in Maine.
 How we love those dear people, and the cool, green
 sod;
 And feel when summering in the country we are
 nearer God.



MY WIFE—TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

Dear wife, I do not wish you young again, for I am
 growing old,
 For all through my life to me you have been pure gold.
 And now upon your dear face I see the marks of time,
 But many things remind me of the time when in your
 prime.
 That happy smile upon your face will never pass away,
 And your eyes are as bright as on our wedding day.
 You still have that sweet voice, always so soft in tone,
 And I try to make you happy, for my heart is all your
 own.

A STORM.

The sky was dull and overcast, with dampness in the
air.

It looked like a storm, although the morning had been
fair.

The clouds were getting darker, the sun was out of
sight,

The morn had been so pleasant was a raging storm at
night.

The air was full of rain and hail, like shining pearls,
It dashed against the windows, then into drifts it whirls,
It clung to the trees, and the limbs were bending
around,

With the snow and ice they nearly touched the ground.

In the morning the storm was over, the streets were
clean and white

With the ice and snow that had fallen during the night.
Now the snow storm had departed, with its clouds so
gray,

And the sun was shining brightly, the storm had
passed away.

I looked from my window, the storm had left the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by.

I bowed my head down in devotion and love,
And thought of our Father that rules things above.

TO A FRIEND.

Dear old friend, do you remember when we were boys
together,
How we roamed through woods and fields in all kinds
of weather?
Can you forget those days we wandered through fields
of corn,
With no thought of time until called by the dinner
horn?
And how often we sat on the banks of that beautiful
river
Near the mill where the water moved on with hardly
a quiver.
The memories of these days still cling and will ever
last,
And remind me of those happy times that are passed.
Do you remember the cold, winter nights when it was
snowing,
When we heard the whistling winds around the house
blowing,
And how we listened to the howling of the storm,
While we were gathered around the hearthstone so
warm?
Many years have passed and those days will return no
more,
Still I remember you, dear friend, as in the days of
yore,
And will never forget the paths where we used to
roam,
Around the fields in our childhood of our early home.

VISITS HIS BROTHER JOE.

Dear Joe, I must say good-bye, and leave you here,
And go back to my own home I love so dear.
I've had a pleasant visit, and enjoyed myself every day,
But I do not like the city, and can no longer stay.

Dear Joe, I often think of our old home where we lived
when boys,
Where our own dear mother loved us both, and shared
in all our joys,
But to-day we are almost like strangers, we live so far
apart,
We forget that we are brothers, and should love with
all our heart.

Dear Joe, your city home is grand and you've been
kind to me,
But I had rather live in my country home that belongs
to me.
I sometimes feel lost here, with so much wealth on
every side,
I hardly know you, dear Joe, or your family, in their
pride.

Dear Joe, the music was fine last night, but, do you
know,
How my heart was longing for other singing so sweet
and low,
It might not please the ear of one so grand as you,
But to me, dear Joe, it is the sweetest music I ever
knew.

Dear Joe, I closed my eyes last night—this singing
troubled me—

Then close to my heart a vision came, one I love to see.
That little room in my cottage home, when the day was
done,

My wife singing a good-night hymn, and rocking our
little son.

Dear Joe, as that music fell from her lips, I thought I
heard the goo

Of my little baby boy, when he talks to me and my
wife, too.

That is the music I like to hear, as they sit by the cot-
tage door,

And I'm waiting for the time when I can hear them
once more.

Dear Joe, I must say good-bye, and leave you to your
wealth and gain.

You were born to be rich and great, I am content to be
poor and plain,

And I go back to my own home with kindest love for
you,

Back to that country home, all my own, and the baby,
too.

Dear Joe, you live in a grand house, with servants at
your call,

But if there is no love there, it is no home at all.

I'd rather live in a cottage, with my wife and baby
sweet,

Than a palace in the city, where all are strangers that
I meet.

Dear Joe, I must go back home to the old farm place,
Where my friends all love me and poverty is no
disgrace.

I want to get away from the street cars, and the noisy
bell,

And go back to my kind neighbors, I love them all so
well.

Dear Joe, I want to see the fields where there is more
room,

Where a man can cross the street and not meet his
doom,

Where men are still honest and love the cool, green
sod.

It is there I am always happy and feel I am nearer
God.



LOVE.

Dear friend, will you always love me as now?

And for another you will never forget your vow?

And I trust your love for me will always stay,

And you'll never forget me when I am far away.

On you I have looked as I would on a star,

And said to myself, "How beautiful you are."

I have thought of you ever with a heart full of love,

And felt by your kindness you were one from above.

My love for you has always been warm and deep,

And I pray your love for me you will keep.

My love for you is greater than for anyone I've met,

And I hope you will be faithful and never forget..

REMEDY FOR TROUBLE.

The habit of doing good when in trouble, or you can
pray,

It will make your life worth living, your cares will
pass away.

It is not hard to learn, for all you have to do
Is to believe in God, and happiness will follow you.

This habit of praying and doing good when things go
wrong,

Will change a fit of blues into a cheerful song.

Good friends, why don't you try? It's worth the
price.

'Twill change your life of discontent, and do it in a
trice.

This seeking God in trouble will drive away your pain,
And drive it so far away it will never come again.

It will make your life brighter and your thoughts pure,
For there is nothing like this doing good and praying
cure.



A COUNTRY BOY FISHING.

I'm off for a few days' fishing, I've left the busy town,
I'm going to Sebago Lake, a place of great renown.
My line is made of silk—I've often found it true.
My rod and reel are the best, and both are new.
I have flies of every description, scarlet, red and brown.
I thought of the first I'd catch and take back to town.
Near the shore a country boy was fishing, his feet were
 bare,
With an old straw hat on his head, on me he did stare.

His pole was made of alder, his line was common
 twine ;
How I smiled when I compared his outfit with mine.
You should have seen the boy fishing—it was a sight—
When he caught the spotted beauties while I did not
 get a bite.
Now this one thing I have learned in this world of
 cares,
Never to judge a man by the clothes he wears.



RAINBOW IN THE SKY.

There's a rainbow in the sky,
Where the soft and gentle breezes blow.

And raindrops on the windows lie,
And the flowers are in a glow.

There's a ripple in the water,
A swallow high in the sky,
But the world will be no brighter,
Though we wait for by and by.

There's a robin in the meadow,
Where the grass is cut so clean ;
There's love and joy in the cottage,
And the sweetest ever seen.

Here is happiness and love,
And you never hear a sigh,
And the world never will be brighter,
Though you wait for by and by.



RESTING IN THE COUNTRY

When the sun is brightly shining and it's shady on the
lawn,

The guests are at the lake or to the pine woods gone.
In this shady place of nature I never get the blues,
Here I sit for hours and write and do as I choose.
For in the house they are busy in the early hours of
morn,

'Tis here I am always happy, while sitting on the lawn.

Here the farmers are raking hay or in the field
mowing,

Near the house is the garden where the vegetables are
growing.

I see the apples in the orchard near the maple trees so
tall,

Here I feel I'm living in God's universe that's free for
all.

And I have never seen a picture, either painted or
drawn,

That has such a charm for me as this view from the
lawn.

And only twenty miles from Portland, an easy trip by
lake and rail,

Or you can go by stage, but you would miss a charm-
ing sail.

Everyone is happy around the house, and another
thing I confess,

When the time comes for dinner I don't spend an hour
to dress.

In the evening the moon shines so clear, the shades are
not drawn,

And I love to sit and think of the beauties of this lawn.



THE WATER BIRD.

I once sat on the banks of a beautiful river,
 And close by the dam stood an old mill,
 Where the clear waters flowed on with hardly a quiver,
 For there was no breeze and the morning was still.
 A wild bird near the shore, with breast snow white,
 How quiet and easy over the waters did glide;
 And to watch this bird was a charm of delight,
 As he sailed along the shore of this stream so wide.

When he looked up and saw a stranger sitting so near,
 He raised his wings lightly and flew far away,
 Far away in the heavens where he had no fear.

To the last point of vision I watched him that day.
 Oh, happy bird, that can sit on the water so lightly
 While men must bear their burdens, for they have
 no wings,

When danger comes to fly away quickly,
 Far above all earthly things.



WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

There is a wonderful country not far from this busy
 town

Where the wild flowers blossom and the fish come
 down;

It is a land in the Sebago woods, that cures all ills,
 Near a camp by the lake at the foot of the hills.

The road to this wonderful place, by the lake so wide,
Is through the beautiful woods, and a seven mile ride.
For a more charming spot on this earth you never need
search,

For here you can find joy, on the piazza of white birch.

Sometimes in the noise of the city we are eager for
gain,

And the cares of our lives press hard on our busy
brain ;

Then our thoughts fly to this camp, where the lake is
so deep,

Where we hear no sound but the wind and the bleat of
the sheep.

There we never have thoughts that trouble us or a
burden to bear,

But can sit on the piazza and breath the sweet pure air.
We have no thoughts of the morrow as the sun sinks
in the west

But to thank our host for his kindness in this haven of
rest.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Some people are always telling, in prose and rhyme,
Of the troubles poor father has about Christmas time.
They tell us about his presents and the family ills,
And smile at father when he has to pay the bills.

You'd think to hear them talk that father was abused.
They tell about his presents that he has never used.
They laugh and call it funny of things they do so slick,
But father is always happy, you never hear him kick.

He knows he buys the presents with such a willing
hand,
That makes his wife and children the happiest in the
land,
But father don't want presents to bring him joy and
mirth,
For he thinks his wife and children are the best on
earth.

Mother has her diamonds, they give her glad surprise,
But they are not half so bright as her laughing eyes.
So don't you worry about poor father, or his woes,
For he is the happiest one of all, every father knows.

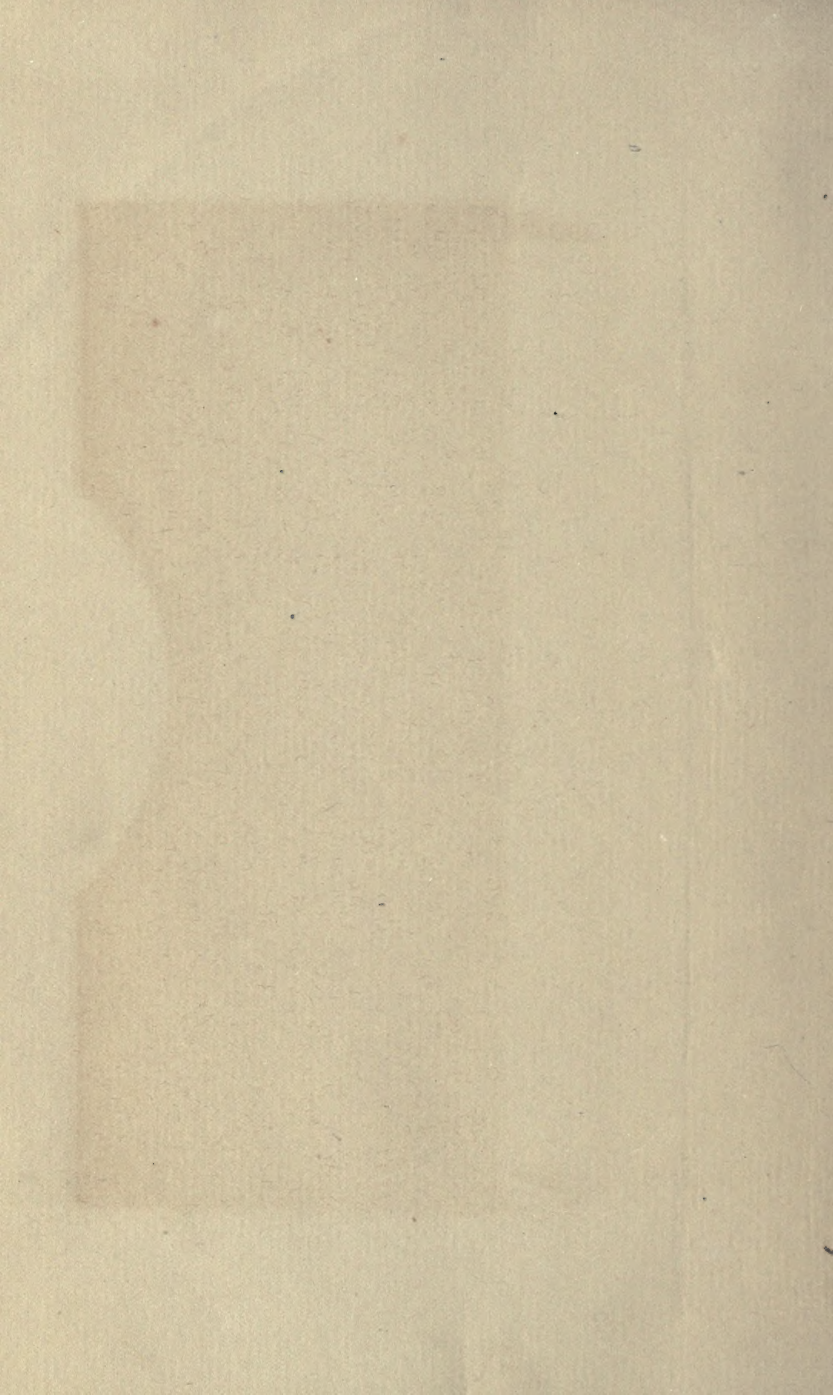
Father carves the turkey and cuts it up so nice.
It is always sweet and tender and costs the highest
price.
Then mother looks so smiling and calls us out to lunch,
For she and father are the happiest in the bunch.

Now the day is over, we are on our great behavior.
 Mother gets her Bible and reads the story of our
 Savior.
 She tells of those heavenly gifts and reads the story
 through.
 Although it's the same old story it always seems new.



LITTLE THINGS THAT TROUBLE US.

The little things that trouble us from day to day,
 We forget when in the country where we love to stay.
 Here we watch the hardy farmer when he sows his
 seeds,
 With faith in God he knows he will raise all he needs.
 Here we have no thoughts of trouble amidst the hum-
 ming of the bees,
 While we listen to the singing of the birds among the
 trees.
 That foolish fear of something may happen has all
 passed away,
 And we are cheerful and happy, and enjoying every
 day.
 Here we find health and happiness, with this should be
 content,
 And thank our Heavenly Father for the blessings He
 has sent.



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